

grocery shopping by reallylikeseggos

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Summary:

Inspired by the text post "Date someone you can have fun in a grocery store with". In which Mike is sent to the store for powdered sugar and Eleven accompanies him. Shenanigans inevitably ensue.

grocery shopping

Author's Note:

just a lil fluff inspired by the text post "Date someone you can have fun in a grocery store with".

let me know what you guys think!!

and maybe follow my tumblr if you don't already :)
reallylikeseggos.tumblr.com

Mike Wheeler had been given a simple task:

Could you run to the store and get some powdered sugar? I don't have enough for the icing.

It was approaching one year since Eleven had mysteriously appeared in the sleepy town of Hawkins, and the Wheeler household currently was undergoing preparation for a "birthday" celebration. Of which Mike hadn't actually helped much, due to the fact that he was busy teaching the birthday girl how to play board games in the basement.

After receiving his task from Karen Wheeler, Mike was given a ten-dollar bill and told to hurry. He promptly sighed, turning to return to the basement.

She looked up from the Monopoly board expectantly as Mike bounded down the stairs, her expression amused. She was still new to the "Monopoly" and not entirely sure what the point of it was, but Mike's reactions each time he landed on one of her properties or got sent to jail (again) were enough to make her want to keep playing.

Mike walked over to the board setup, an apologetic smile on his face. "Sorry to pause the game El, but mom wants me to get some stuff from the store really quick."

Her smile faltered slightly. Mike and El didn't like to be apart very much if they didn't have to be, not after the events of last year. Ever since El returned and began living with the Byers family, Joyce was rather lenient on letting Mike and El spend time together. Even

when they weren't together, Mike always kept his supercom close, in case El ever needed to talk to him while strengthening the connection. She was perfectly capable on her own, but they both enjoyed talking into the early hours of the morning, and both had occasional nightmares.

"Okay," El nodded, looking up at him from where she sat on the floor. "When will you be back?"

Mike hesitated for a moment. "Or uh, you could just... come with me?" he offered, avoiding direct eye contact as he felt his cheeks begin to burn.

She smiled as she stood up, having to still slightly look up to see his eyes as he'd now surpassed her in height. Her fingers poked out from the sleeve of her pink sweater to brush his fingertips as she nodded.

Mike smiled back as he weaved their fingers together, pulling her towards the stairs.

Grocery stores still amazed El.

She stared at all of the shelves wide eyed as she followed Mike into the store, only moving when she felt a tug on her hand. She turned her attention to her boyfriend, his patient smile giving her what Nancy told her was called *butterflies*. She still didn't fully understand the term, but at least Nancy had given it a name.

"They have every food here?" she asked seriously, her eyes still wide.

Mike laughed, shrugging. "Not every food, but they have a lot. We're going to find powdered sugar."

El raised her eyebrows in confusion. "Powdered... sugar?"

"It's still sugar," Mike explained as he lead the way, giving her hand a gentle squeeze. "They just grind it down more so it's all powdery

instead of grainy.”

“Oh. Okay,” El nodded, imagining powder that tasted sweet while she lightly swung their hands as they walked. They passed the freezers, El watching the colors of all of the products when one stuck out in particular. She stopped walking, tightening her grip on Mike’s hand to stop him.

“What’s wrong El?” he asked, his eyebrows slightly raised in concern. El ignored the *butterflies* as she lead Mike down the freezer aisle, stopping in front of the freezer that caught her eye.

Mike looked down at his girlfriend, who hadn’t looked away from the yellow boxes since she spotted them. He couldn’t help the swell of affection in his chest as he watched her expression in amusement, the brown eyes he’d come to adore locked on boxes of toaster waffles.

“Can we get these?” she asked, her eyes still scanning all of the different boxes. Mike smiled as he squeezed her hand again.

“We need to get powdered sugar El. Mom can’t finish the cake if we don’t.”

“We could... have these instead?” El suggested, raising her eyebrows as she hesitantly poked the glass on the freezer door.

Mike sighed quietly, leaning down to rest his head on her shoulder with a small smile as his thumb traced the back of her hand. “You’re not going to give in, are you?”

El felt her cheeks heat up as she rested her head on his, smiling to herself. “Maybe.”

Mike started laughing, standing up again and shaking his head as he felt his resolve weakening. He kissed the top of her head, hair now to the length of a pixie cut. “You’re impossible.”

She turned to face him finally, reaching for his free hand with hers and looking up at him with something Jonathan had once called the *puppy dog* look. He’d told her Hopper would fall for it every time. She wondered if Mike would fall for it now.

“We can get Eggos then?” she asked, adding a few blinks for extra measure with a small smile. As Jonathan had told her, telekinesis wasn’t her only “superpower”.

“Am I supposed to be able to say no to that?” Mike grinned, gently tugging her hands to pull her close. She smiled back.

“Maybe?” she replied, her tone hopeful. He rolled his eyes.

“I’m gonna go with not.”

He leaned down and pressed a small but loving kiss to her lips, pulling back only a few short seconds later. They had kissed numerous times since their first one in the cafeteria, each time both becoming more confident. El was sure she was getting better at it, as she’d noticed Mike has been improving too. *Practice makes perfect*, as Joyce had said once while teaching her expanded vocabulary. Though El was sure Joyce wasn’t referring to kissing at all.

Both were blushing furiously as they pulled apart, a few seconds of comfortable silence lingering as they smiled and gripped each other’s hands. As Mike opened his mouth to say something, a middle aged man with a misshapen mustache approached the two.

“Are you two going to buy something, or are you going to just make out in my aisle?” the man asked grouchy, eyeing both of them skeptically. El’s eyes widened as Mike furrowed his eyebrows, dropping one of El’s hands.

“Don’t worry, we’re leaving,” Mike responded dryly, a hint of annoyance in his voice. The man huffed.

“Good,” he grumbled, turning to walk away. Mike rolled his eyes as he faced his girlfriend again.

“Alright, let’s get the Eggos-”

El was looking past him, a familiar glare crossing her features. Mike turned to follow her gaze, just as the middle age man was swept off of his feet and fell onto the floor.

Mike’s eyes widened as he covered his mouth, unable to stop the

giggles. El smiled to herself as she watched Mike laugh. She decided then that being a weirdo wasn't so bad after all, if it meant she could make Mike Wheeler laugh.

The man writhed on the floor, turning on his stomach to look at Mike and El with a bright red face. El couldn't repress her snort as Mike grabbed three boxes of Eggos, turning around and bursting into chuckles.

"You two!" the man boomed, causing Mike and El to freeze.

"Go!" Mike whispered in her ear, grabbing her hand and running down the freezer aisle, away from the man. They giggled the whole way through checkout, Mike maintaining his grip on her hand and handing her a tissue from the package he now kept on him at all times.

The middle aged man reached the front of the store just to find Mike and El getting on his bike and riding away. He ran outside to yell at them, but as he watched her wrap her arms around him and rest her head against his back whilst they laughed, he decided there were more important things to worry about than a couple of teenagers that were too into each other.

Karen Wheeler received three boxes of Eggos instead of powdered sugar.

When asked, Mike simply said, "That's what El wanted", and there was nothing left to be said about it.

She had known it would happen someday. But, for the first time, Karen Wheeler wondered if her son was in love.

Later that night, the Byers family visited the Wheeler household, along with Lucas and Dustin.

No one made any comment about the stack of Eggos with a candle in the center acting as the cake. For El, it was better than cake. And as Mike ate an Eggo waffle for what seemed to be the millionth time since he met her, he watched El's eyes light up with the joy he'd always wanted to see in them.

And as those same eyes met his, he knew Hopper was right;

He was a goner. But for her, he couldn't think of a better thing to be.